# CITYSTYLE

Atlantic Insight

January 1984

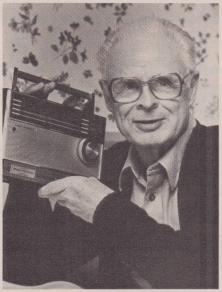
In search of the perfect Metro martini Page CS 10

# What's ahead in 1984?



First, the bad news from Beaverbank astrologer Evelyn Hare: The planet Saturn's sojourn in Scorpio, she predicts, will bring a year of recklessness and lawlessness. That means people will spend more than they can really afford on travel, new houses and big, new cars. It also means, she says, a lack of respect for tradition and law. There'll be a lot of robbery and raping, and there's a strong threat of war, maybe even a worldwide war. The only other time the planets were in this position, the Korean War broke out. It's also a bad year for people with lung problems — and a good year to quit smoking.

Here's what some other Metro residents *hope* will happen in 1984:



Reid Dexter, retired weatherman and broadcaster: What should I wish for in 1984? First of all, I don't want anything for myself (except, perhaps, fame and fortune). But I do feel sorry for my fellow citizens — not because of little things, like unemployment, inflation and government ineptitude, but important things like Information Morning on CBC radio, shining with diminished brilliance; no one on any TV or radio station warning us when to expect the weather forecast to be wrong or telling us why it was wrong yesterday and East Green Harbour being forgotten - PLUS, us being told, even in the middle of severe drought, how great the weather is because it isn't going to rain. So . . . to make life a little better for lots of people I wish that Reid Dexter would return to radio in 1984. CHNS? CFDR? Or even . . . . CBC again?

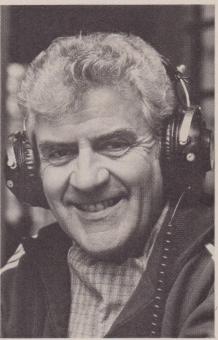


Francene Cosman, president, N.S. Ad-

visory Council on the Status of Women: I'd like to purchase the all-male bastion of the Halifax gents — better known as the Halifax Club — and turn it into a health spa for women.



Patricia MacCulloch, former actress; cattle farmer: I want to be lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. I could really organize that with style. It would be very interesting for a widow to be given the honor, and a working farmer to boot. And I've already got the Rolls Royce!



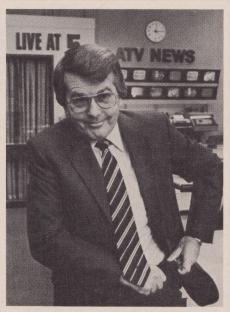
Don Tremaine, host, CBC Information Morning: I hope Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov would get together for daily showings of The Day After. Maybe the American people will prefer to send Reagan back to splitting kindling rather than atoms.



Anne Janega, manager, Better Business Bureau of Nova Scotia: I'm going to undertake to convince all my Upper Canadian friends that there is a Canada east of Montreal.



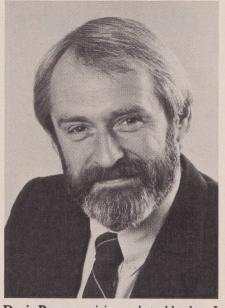
Ruth Goldbloom, former chairman of the board, Mount Saint Vincent University. In 1984 I would like to invent a special air spray can. With this thing, I will be able to walk into my house at 6 p.m. and choose from a variety of cans that I could use to make the house smell like home-made bread or roast beef or veal parmesan. The aroma would be so divine that I would be able to serve silly old hamburgers and nobody would notice.



Dave Wright, television broadcaster: I'm going to set aside three hours every night to devote to fiction writing — storytelling, I call it. I have no idea whether I have the talent to be a writer, but I'm going to try. And I'm definitely going to control my weight. I've become a fast-food junkie, and I'm going to start having decent lunches instead of the drive-and-grab kind.



Arnie Patterson, owner of CFDR radio station: I've made the same resolution for the past 10 years and haven't kept it: Quit smoking. But I plan to write a book in 1984. It will be an anecdotal series of memories — not autobiographical — but it will deal with newspapers and broadcasting, and some great people, the days of Trudeau, the Springhill Mining disaster, and the Dominion Steel Company.



Denis Ryan, musician and stockbroker: I resolve not to manage my own account. I don't usually make resolutions, because I don't have any bad habits. But, of course, I'll be striving for humility, as always.



Marilyn Gillis, Nova Scotia's director of protocol: My resolution is to keep the resolutions I made other years and stick to them. After the Queen's visit in 1976, I sat down and took stock of myself because it had been an extremely busy year. I made out a list of resolutions and just a few months ago I found them buried in a desk drawer and I was disgusted. I hadn't kept any of them.

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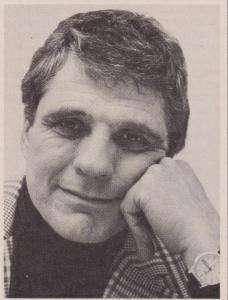
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Freeman Churchill, runner: I want to break 2:30 for a marathon. Also, I resolve to buy a car, tune up my bike and enjoy my running as much as I did in 1983.



**Bob Hayes**, athletic director at Saint Mary's University: In 1984, I resolve to examine the postulates of Fischer's Findings with a publication date in early 1985.

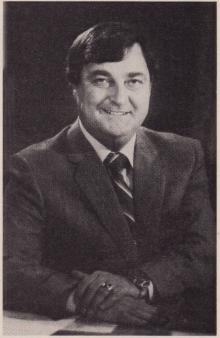


Tom Forrestall, artist: The economy has

been so bad for everybody in the past year and a half, particularly for people in the arts, I just want to climb out of the hole and get back to where I was. I feel as though I've been down a great, big well.



**Jacki Duncan**, restaurant hostess: To make my mother happy I plan to become more of a lady; 1984 should prove to be quite a year.



Roland Thornhill, N.S. minister of Development: I resolve to walk to the ferry every morning, so there will be one less car on the busy streets.



# The Privateers' lady

The Upper Deck sits atop the three-tiered Privateers' Warehouse complex in Halifax's Historic Properties like a soignée lady of the manor loftily surveying a raucous, below-stairs brawl.

It's not that the lower and middle decks of the Warehouse bear much resemblance to the scenes of waterfront merrymaking in the days of the real privateers. The pub on the lower and lounge on the middle decks simply cater to a different crowd — younger, noisier and less interested in eating than drinking. The Upper Deck is definitely for those who are interested in eating.

The high, arching, timbered roof of the restaurant provides enough sense of space to permit a double-decker construction: You walk into the main dining area and then, if you wish, up a few steps to a loft which stretches around the periphery of the main room. The dark wood of what was once the home of a private navy operated by Enos Collins glows with subtle warmth. Chairs and banquettes are upholstered in pale gold floral print whose color and pattern is repeated here and there in bits of

wallpaper.

What the Upper Deck lacks maybe the only thing — is a room with a view. Its nearest competitor, the Clipper Cay, surrounds diners with a panorama of Halifax harbor. The Upper Deck's one set of windows looks north over what used to be a parking lot and what is now the construction site of a new hotel. If you do more looking than eating there's probably no doubt about which place you'd choose — especially if you're a tourist. But for food, I think the Upper Deck's better. It's one of the few places in town, or almost anywhere, that serves fresh vegetables not overcooked into an unpalatable mush. And the prices, considering what you get, are very reasonable by Halifax standards. The menu isn't exceptionally imaginative but what the chef may lack (or choose to ignore) in the form of flights of fancy he more than makes up for in execution. Reading the menu may be uninspiring. Actually tasting the dishes

The Upper Deck has a wonderful way with seafood. If you hate fish (I feel sorry for you), you can get sirloin and

filet and lamb but you'll be missing what this restaurant does best.

You can start with appetizers. Smoked salmon with capers, scallion and horseradish at \$6.95 or smoked mackerel with mustard sauce for \$3.85; fresh Malpeque oysters, when they're in season (\$5.50); steamed mussels in white wine sauce, (\$3.95) or clams with butter and lemon or mussels with garlic butter, for the same price. They're all fresh, all delicious and I usually pass them all up in favor of the Deck's lobster bisque, a light, delicate concoction which comes with just a hint of brandy and a swimmeret floating in its rosy depths (\$4.25).

Fresh Atlantic salmon is ambrosial. Like lobster, it's usually best cooked and served at home, as far as I'm concerned. There, you can hover over it to make sure it reaches just that precise point of doneness that leaves all of its moisture intact. (One cook I've heard of wraps salmon in foil and cooks it in her dishwasher. I've never tried it, but people who've eaten it swear it's terrific.) The Upper Deck's chef must hover a lot — or maybe, use his dishwasher because the salmon with which I followed my bisque, poached in bouillon, served with hollandaise and fresh carrots and broccoli was near perfection at

You can also try the shrimp broiled in butter sauce, a house specialty, as well as bouillabaise, scallops in curry sauce, and sole garnished with shrimp and mussels. Or, for the nonfainthearted, the Privateers' Treasure: Alaskan King crab, Digby scallops, shrimp, Atlantic salmon and haddock.

The dessert list is fairly standard but does feature a light, lovely crème caramel named in honor of the late Philippa Monsarrat, a Halifax gourmet cook and teacher, and made from her recipe. The Upper Deck also features Irish, Spanish and German coffees, whipped up with your choice of diabolical liqueurs.

So you can't see the ferries plying their way between Halifax and Dartmouth. You probably won't even notice.

The Upper Deck opens for dinner only at 5 p.m., last service from the kitchen at 11 p.m. And it has monthly specials.

— Marilyn MacDonald

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# GADABOUT

#### **ART GALLERIES**

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art and Design). Jan. 3-20: Gallery One, photographs from the collection of Francis Coutelier, professor at Université de Moncton; Jan. 3-7: Gallery Two, Glen MacKinnon, sculpture; Gallery Three, Patrick MacAulay, paintings; Jan. 9-14: Gallery Two, David Watson, sculpture; Gallery Three, Lauren Hare, paintings; Jan. 16-21: Gallery Two, John Kennedy and Mark Whidden, sculpture; Gallery Three, Madeleine Dewolfe, photographs; Jan. 23-Feb. 10: Gallery One, Suzanne Funnell, Riduan Tomkins, Ron Shuebrook - paintings by faculty of NSCAD; Jan. 23-28, Gallery Two, Michael Shumiatcher; Gallery Three, Sean McQuay, paintings and sculpture. 1889 Granville St., 422-7381. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 5-9 p.m. Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Jan. 5-Feb. 6, in the Main, Second Floor and Mezzanine Galleries: American Accents, courtesy of Rothmans of Pall Mall Canada. A major exhibition by 21 American artists from different backgrounds and regions, featuring 28 paintings and 11 sculptures by such well-known artists as Jasper Johns, Andy Warhol, Susan Rothenberg, Nancy Graves and Roy Lichtenstein. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun. 12-5:30 p.m. Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. To Jan. 29: Downstairs, Visions and Victories: Canadian Women Artists 1914-1945. This exhibit includes work by six painters (Emily Carr among them), and four sculptors. Upstairs, Canadian Women Photographers 1841-1941. This includes photo work by artists from P.E.I., Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Bed-ford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 12-5 p.m.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. To Jan. 29: Visions of Paradise: The Art of the Oriental Carpet. This display of about 60 oriental carpets includes examples from the Prescott House, Port Williams, collection, and others from private collections in Halifax, Montreal and Ottawa with emphasis on Caucasian, Persian and Turkoman carpets. Guest-curated by Dr. Hans-Günther Schwarz, Department of German, Dalhousie. Tours of the exhibition to be given Jan. 15, 22. Also, from the Sobey Art Foundation, a display of works by Group of Seven artists A. Y. Jackson, J.E.H. Mac-Donald and Frank Johnston, and their contemporary, Tom Thomson. Dalhousie campus, 424-2403. Hours: Tues., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. & 7-10 p.m.; Wed.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat.-Sun. 1-5 p.m.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. To Jan. 31: Fourth annual faculty/alumni, student and staff art exhibition. SMU campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., 1-7 p.m. Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.

#### **CLUB DATES**

Teddy's, piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. Jan. 2-28: Cathy Gallagher. Hours: Mon.-Sat. 9-1 a.m. Happy hour 5-7 p.m.

The Network Lounge, 1546 Dresden

The Network Lounge, 1546 Dresden Row. Jan. 2-7: Redline; Jan. 9-14: Working Class; Jan. 16-18: Boy's Brigade; Jan. 23-25: Twin Bullet Band; Jan. 30-Feb. 1: See Spot Run. Hours: Mon.-Sat. till 2 a.m.

Mon.-Sat. till 2 a.m.

Privateers' Warehouse, Historic Properties. Middle Deck, Jan. 2-9, 9-14:

Mason Chapman Band. Lower Deck,
Jan. 3-7: Ladies' Choice; Jan. 10-14:
Gerry McDaniel; Jan. 17-21: Alex
Vaughn; Jan. 23-28: Messenger. Hours:
Lower Deck, Mon.-Wed.,
11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat.,
11:30-12 a.m. Middle Deck,
11:30-2:30 a.m.

Little Nashville, 44 Alderney Drive, Dartmouth. All country. Jan. 2-8: Gold Strikers; Jan. 9-15: The Good Ol' Boys; Jan. 16-22: Johnny Comfort; Jan. 23-29: Morn'n Sun; Jan. 30-Feb. 5: County Line. Hours: Every night, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.

Misty Moon Cabaret, 3700 Kempt Road. Jan. 2-8: Molly Oliver; Jan. 9-15: Rhiannon; Jan. 16-22: Bryan Jones. All rock. Hours: Every night, 10 p.m.-3 a.m.

Pepe's Upstairs, 5680 Spring Garden Road. Jan. 9-14: Easy St., Latin, jazz and salsa; Jan. 16-21: Peter Appleyard; Jan. 23-28: Amanda Ambrose; Jan. 30-Feb. 4: International guitar great Charlie Byrd. Dates subject to change; call Jazzline, 425-3331. Entertainment Mon.-Thurs. from 8 p.m.; Fri.-Sat.

from 9 p.m. Lord Nelson Beverage Room, 5675 Spring Garden Road. Jan. 2-7: Cape Breton folk singer Rita MacNeil; Jan. 9-14, 16-21: McGinty; Jan. 23-28, 30-Feb. 4: Garrison Brothers. Folk and country/bluegrass. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

Peddlar's Pub, Lower level of Delta Barrington Hotel. Jan. 2-7: Armageddon; Jan 9-14: Rox; Jan. 16-21: Track; Jan. 30-Feb. 4: Intro. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 p.m.

#### **MUSEUMS**

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. In the Gallery, to Jan. 11: Oil and pencil works by Marion Bustin. Jan. 9-Jan. 29: Mixed media works by local artist Bernadette Vincent. 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300. Nova Scotia Museum. Jan. 7-25: The Creative Tradition: Indian Handicrafts and Tourist Arts. A travelling exhibit from the Alberta Provincial Museum. Program of events available on request. 1747 Summer St. For information all 429-4610.

#### **MOVIES**

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. 1588 Barrington St. Jan. 2-8: Zelig. Directed by and starring Woody Allen, this witty media probe follows the adventures of a man able to adopt the personality and physiognomy of whomever he encounters. USA, 1983. Jan. 9-12: Andrei Roublev. Soviet filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky constructs eight imaginary episodes from the life

of the Russian icon painter, Roublev, journeying through the slaughter and desecration of the 1400s. The spectacular horrors of Roublev's world are offset by the film's many beautiful images. USSR, 1966. Jan. 13-19: Napoleon. This "lost masterpiece," whose form was as revolutionary as its subject, took director Abel Gance four years to make. With a cast of 40 and 6,000 extras, Gance intended the film to be the first of six parts. He only completed one; the film confines itself to Napoleon's school days, a glimpse of the Revolution and the crossing of the Alps for the first Italian Campaign. France, 1927/80, B&W. Jan. 20-22: One and One: Three of Swedish director Ingmar Bergman's most talented collaborators worked together on this hilarious and moving film about two intelligent, well-meaning people who are simply wrong for each other in every way. Sweden, 1978, subtitles. Jan. 23-26: Mirror. After the few side-screenings for delegates at the 1975 Moscow Film Festival, director Andrei Tarkovsky's film became a legend overnight. Officially condemned for being thematically "inaccessible" to general audiences, it is a montage of clear and poignant images from a painful, isolated childhood. USSR, 1974, subtitles. Jan. 27-Feb. 2: The Return of Martin Guerre. This winner of three French Academy Awards is the true story of a 16th century boy who marries, disappears, and returns a changed man. Though the question of his identity ended in a court case that scandalized France, the film hits nearer to being a 19th century romance than a study of 16th century peasant society. Directed by Daniel Vigne. France, 1983, subtitles. 7 and 9 p.m. most evenings. Call 422-3700.

National Film Board Theatre. 1572 Barrington St. Jan. 5-8: The Bed Sitting Room. Director Richard Lester's best effort is a sharp and deadly satire in the "atomic war is hell" vein. Seventeen-month-pregnant Rita Tushingham's parents are mutating into, respectively, a dressing cabinet and a parrot, while nobleman Ralph Richardson is turning into a bed-sitting room. With Spike Milligan, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. Great Britain, 1969. Jan. 11: Comics and Humorists. Includes See You in the Funny Papers, a portrait of Canadian cartoonist Lynn Johnston, creator of the comic strip, "For Better or for Worse"; A Loud Bagatelle, poet Earle Birney creating a soundpoem on film; The Awful Fate of Melpomemous Jones, a humorous interpretation of the short story by Stephen Leacock; and Melvin Arbuckle: Famous Canadian, W. O. Mitchell narrating his own short story. Also: Kate and Anna McGarrigle. Director Caroline Leaf

uses a combination of animation and documentary techniques to create an easy-going mood in this informal portrait of the acclaimed singersongwriters from Quebec. Highlights of the film include excerpts from their Carnegie Hall début; a look at the songwriting/recording process, MacGarrigle style; and conversations with the sisters, their supporters, and their critics. Admission free. Jan. 12-15: Phantom India. Parts 1-4 Thurs. & Sat., parts 5-7 Fri. & Sun. Director Louis Malle's 61/2-hour, seven-part documentary of India is an enormous achievement, looking at religion, politics and art. Parts include "The Indians and the Sacred," a deep and

often moving episode on the endless varieties of religious practices in India; "On the Fringes of Society," a fascinating investigation of groups outside the mainstream; and "Bombay—the Future India," a look at the booming, contradictory city ruled by the Parsees, which is filled with industry and slums, and is rigidly prohibitionist, yet contains one of the world's biggest red-light districts. Special admission of \$4 for the entire film. India/France, 1967-68. Jan. 18: After the Big One. A Prairie Region Production directed by Bob Lower depicting nuclear war on the prairies. Also, No More Hibakusha! Director Martin Duckworth's moving portrait



Gerry Parsons 6 am-10 am



Clary Stubbert 2 pm-6 pm



Gail Rice 10 am-2 pm



Tony Beech 6 pm-1 am Sat. 6 pm-11 pm Sun.

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of atomic bomb survivors from Hiroshima and Nagasaki as they prepare to journey to New York for United Nations disarmament demonstration of June, 1982. Jan. 19-22: Diary of a Chambermaid. Director Luis Bunuel's most political film transposes the setting of Octave Mirbeau's decadent novel of French upper classes from the turn of the century to 1928, a time when French Facism was gathering the force which would ultimately permit the collapse of the Third Republic, and the Nazi occupation. A Parisian chambermaid quits her post to take a job in the manor house of a large provincial estate which proves to be a hotbed of political reaction and sexual pathology. France, 1964. Jan. 25: The Day We Beat the Russians. The three Warwick brothers, now in middle age, reminisce about 1955 when, as members of the Penticton Vees hockey team, they won the World Hockey Championship in West Germany. Also, Thunderbirds in China. Young Vancouver hockey players travel to China, a journey that leads them to an understanding of East and West. Admission free. Jan. 26-29: On The Beach. Based on the novel by Nevil Shute, this Stanley Kramer-directed story of post-atomic war Australia doesn't quite stay together as a potent whole despite some striking individual sequences and performances. USA, 1959. Also, Fail Safe. This is an adaptation of the Eugene Wheeler novel in which a SAC plane is accidentaly ordered to bomb Moscow. With Henry Fonda, directed by Sidney Lumet. USA, 1964. Check show times and prices, 422-3700.

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Dalhousie Arts Centre. Jan 8: The Year of Living Dangerously. Possibly the best film of 1983, Peter Weir's magnificently controlled mixture of politics and passion is both a play of shadows and an icy indictment of political journalism during the Indonesian civil war of 1965. Australia, 1983. Jan. 15: The Wrong Box. Two elderly Victorian brothers are the last survivors of the tontine; one brother will kill to win. Performed to perfection by a who's who of British cinema: Peter Sellers, Dudley Moore, John Mills, Michael Caine, Peter Cook and Ralph Richardson. Britain, 1966. Jan. 22: Angelo, My Love. A high-spirited lark of a movie, moving and funny, the result is another perceptive confident work directed by Robert Duvall. Official 1983 Cannes Film Festival selection USA, 1983. Jan. 29: Britannia Hospital. Lindsay Anderson's furiously misanthropic satire does for the Eighties what his O Lucky Man did for the Seventies. With Malcolm MacDowell. Britain, 1983.



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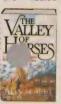
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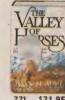




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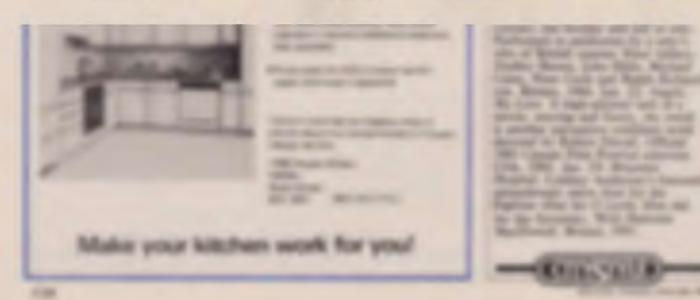


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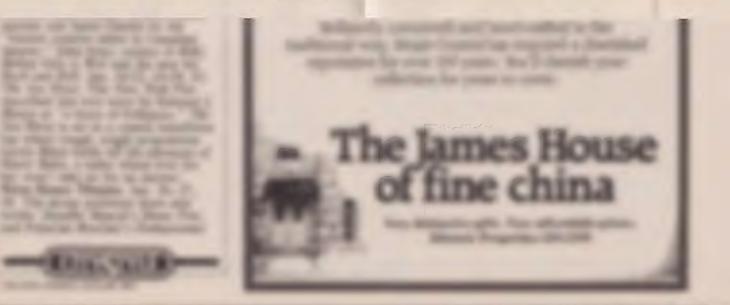


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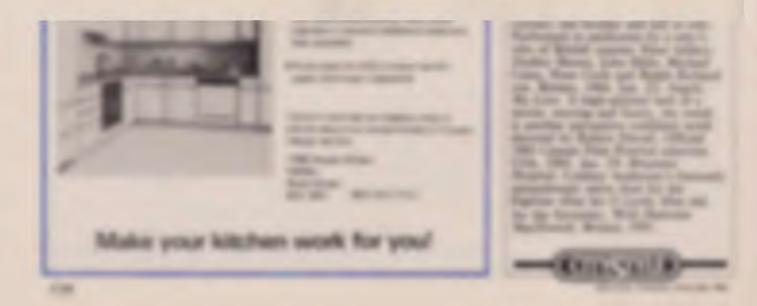
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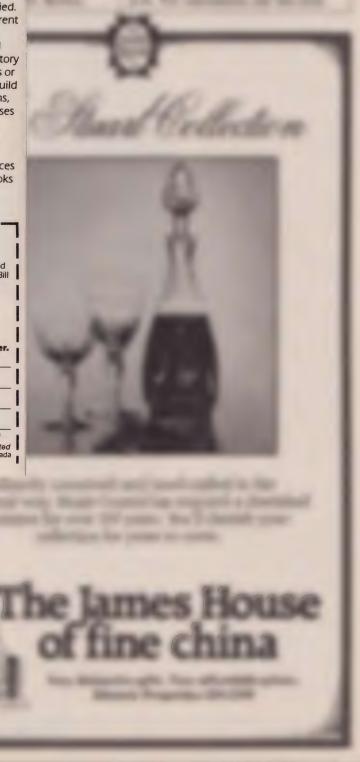
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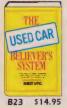
















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#### **SPORTS**

Hockey. Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Moncton, Jan. 5; Fredericton, Jan. 14; Maine, Jan. 25; Sherbrooke, Jan. 27; Adirondack, Jan. 28. Call 429-7600 for game times. Metro Centre, 5284 Duke St. Midget League, Jan. 1, 2: Forbes Chevys vs. Nova; Jan. 14, 15; Chevys vs Fundy; Jan. 28, 29: Chevys vs Moncton. N.S. Senior League: Mounties play: Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29. City of Lakes Hockey Tournament: Jan. 20-22. Dartmouth Sportsplex, 110 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2600. Dalhousie Tigers play: Jan. 13, UNB; Jan. 14, Mount A.; Jan. 15, St. Thomas; Jan. 25, St. FX; Jan. 28, UPEI. Dalhousie Arena game times vary.

Squash. Jan. 13-15: Dalhousie University Invitational. Dalplex, Dal Campus. Jan. 20-22: Junior Coke/Hostess Circuit. Burnside Athletic Club, Dartmouth. For information call 425-5420.

Basketball. (Men's) Dalhousie Tigers play: Jan. 10, Saint Mary's; Jan. 13, UPEI; Jan. 14, UNB (at Metro Centre); Jan. 24, Acadia (at Metro Centre). Jan. 27: Nova Scotia Stars Exhibition. (Women's) Dalhousie Tigers play: Jan. 10, Saint Mary's; Jan. 13, UPEI; Jan. 14, St. FX; Jan. 17, Acadia, Jan. 27, UNB. Dalplex, Dal campus

Volleyball. (Men's) Jan. 20-22: Dalhousie Classic Tournament. Jan. 25:University of Victoria Exhibition.. (Women's) Jan. 7: AUAA Tournament, Dalhousie Tigers play: Jan. 6, 11, exhibition games; Jan. 27, St. FX; Jan. 28, Moncton. Dalplex, Dal campus.

Swimming. Jan. 8: Third annual Dalhousie Swim Classic; Jan. 14, 15: AUAA Invitational Meet. Dalhousie Tigers meet: Jan. 6, Acadia. Dalplex, Dal campus.

#### **THEATRE**

Neptune Theatre. Jan. 1, 3-8: Nova Scotia playwright John Gray's You Better Watch Out, You Better Not Die. This is a new comedy/mystery about murder and Santa Clauses by the "hottest creative talent in Canadian theatre," John Gray, creator of Billy Bishop Goes to War and the new hit Rock and Roll. Jan. 20-22, 24-29, 31: The Sea Horse. The New York Post described this love story by Edward J. Moore as "a burst of brilliance." The Sea Horse is set in a coastal waterfront bar where rough, tough proprietress Gertie Blum holds off the advances of Harry Bales, a sailor whose love for her won't take no for an answer. Nova Dance Theatre. Jan. 26, 27, 28: The group performs three new works: Jennifer Mascal's House Pets; and Francine Boucher's Enthusiasmos

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and a yet untitled piece. Also, the sixmember company will present a reconstruction of artistic director Jeanne Robinson's *Moving Right Along*. Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre. For information call 423-6809.

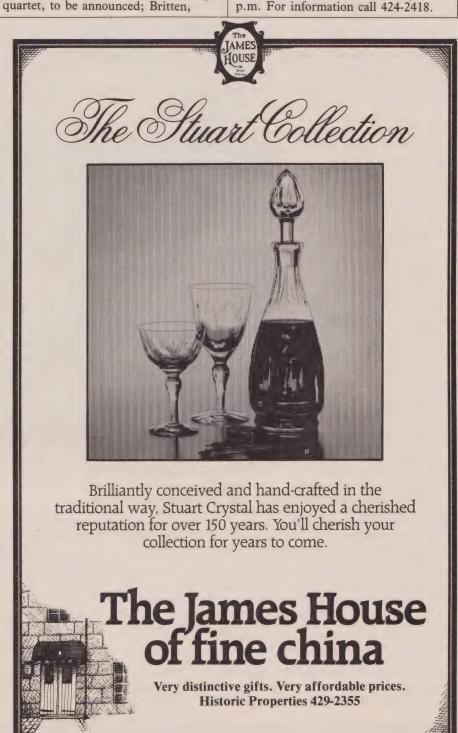
Symphony Nova Scotia. Main series. Jan. 14: The symphony performs Symonds, Mava; Paganini, Violin Concerto; Dvorák, Symphony No. 8. Pop Series. Jan. 25: The symphony performs from the Mantovani Library. An evening of light classics and film

scores. Chamber music series. Jan. 6:

Saint-Saëns, Carnival of the Animals;

Ibert, Divertissement. Jan. 19: String

Sinfonietta. All concerts at 8 p.m., Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre. For information call 421-7311. Halifax Chamber Musicians. The Gallery Series. Jan. 22: The group performs Beethoven, Sonata No. 3 in A, Op 69 for cello and piano; Weinzweig, String Quartet No. 2; Chausson, Concerto, Op. 21, for piano, violin and string quartet. Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, 8 p.m. For information call 429-9780. Musica Antiqua. Jan. 21, 22: Dalhousie's early music group performs Matthew Locke's masque, Cupid and Death. Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre, 8



## "I must get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini"

More and more Haligonians are at last discovering the wisdom of this immortal statement by New York author Alexander Woollcott. And why not? It rains here, too, and there's no shortage of gin

Then I came to Halifax, I met no martini drinkers. In Toronto, I'd grown accustomed to martinis at the famous roof bar in the Park Plaza Hotel, where I'd regularly gather with cohorts. We'd address the waiters by name, exchange gossip, smash back martinis, and imagine there was a bit of New York in our style. Toronto thought of itself as a big-league city, but it had a bush-league admiration for New York. Halifax had no pretensions. It was a blackrum and draft-beer town, plain and simple. Martinis were for girls, sissies and spendthrifts.

All that's changing. Shaun Clarke, the compact, competent and philosophical bartender at the Halifax Press Club, says many Haligonian tipplers have switched to good scotch and the king of cocktails, the martini. ("The finest of all cocktails," says Michael Jackson in The Pocket Bartender's Guide which, at \$8.50 is worth roughly two, large, barbought martinis. "Subtle, potent, and a wonderful aperitif, it even has good

looks."

Clarke wonders if the arrival of the triple-martini lunch — once the basic fact of cartoons in the New Yorker, Playboy and Esquire doesn't mean that Halifax has at last "come of age" as an urban environment for sophisticated boozers. Research might reveal that the martini cult's recent foothold is a result of new affluence, and may even be related to euphoria over offshore oil and gas. Calgary doubtless experienced a massive surge in martini-drinking a few years ago. In any event, some Dalhousie economics student might consider writing a doctoral thesis on Increases in Martini Consumption as an Indicator of Income Increments and Rising Expectations in the Halifax-Dartmouth Metropolitan Area.

"Martinis, oh boy!" Trader Vic writes in Trader Vic's Bartender's Guide. "More things are put out and called a martini than there are beans in all of Heinz's cans.'

lemon "and/or stuffed olive." You never put both lemon peel and an olive in a martini. Moreover, a martini olive is not stuffed. It's a hard, little green fellow with the pit intact.

You should know such things if you're going to move with Halifax's martini crowd. You should also know that anything called a "sweet mar-



Shaun Clarke, philosophical bartender at the Halifax Press Club

Trader Vic then utters a foul heresy: "A martini is strictly how you want to make it, or how your customer wants you to make it." That's like saying there's no correct way to tie a knot, cook baked Alaska, or build a ship's model. Having suggested you make a martini any old way you want, Trader Vic confesses that he's never been able to make a good one. This won't surprise any serious martinidrinker who examines Trader Vic's half-dozen martini recipes. Most specify too much vermouth and too little gin, and one actually urges the addition of a twist of

tini" or a "special sweet mar-tini" or even a "medium-dry martini" is an abomination in which the vermouth is so repulsively dominant that the use of the word "martini" is fraudulent, and should be declared a criminal offence. No martini fit to drink can possibly be anything other than exceedingly dry, which means its vermouth content is a matter of droplets or residue rather than ounces. Most cookbooks and, indeed, many bartenders' manuals tell you that a "dry" martini consists of three or four parts of gin to one part vermouth. That's monumental misadvice. As

proof that you shouldn't believe everything you see in print, it ranks with the federal government's recommending you insulate your house with urea formaldehyde. The best martini recipe I've read is in The Pocket Bartender's Guide, and it calls for "1 whisper dry vermouth, 1 avalanche London dry gin, a touch of orange bitters (optional), lemon zest." A martini must always be as dry as those that once inspired a nightclub comic to rave happily that they made him piss

The crucial delicacy of the vermouth-gin relationship has spawned a martini folklore, legends that invariably stress how little influence the vermouth must be allowed to exert. Some bartenders, it is said, do no more than open the vermouth bottle and wave it above the container of gin and ice, because the gin needs only a whiff. Others never even open the vermouth, but make sure the gin bottle resides in its shadow on the bar-room shelf. Still others merely bow in the direction of France, birthplace of dry vermouth, while stirring the gin and ice. One such bartender, upon his retirement, finally revealed the secret of his fabulously dry martinis: No vermouth. For decades, he'd been basking in accolades for serving cold gin and an olive in an elegant glass and calling the concoction a martini. It was in fact a lot closer to being a martini than any mixture of three parts gin plus one part vermouth.

Martini trivia begins with the fact that the drink does not take its name from vermouth-producers Martini and Rossi of Turin, Italy. They do make a dry vermouth that's perfectly acceptable in martinis, but the drink in fact gets its name from a Mr. Martini, a bartender at the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York. He invented the martini for John D. Rockefeller around 1910. Mr. Martini used a French vermouth, not Italian. Just to confuse matters, books on bartending sometimes call dry vermouth "French" and Italian vermouth "sweet" when, in fact, both countries produce both vermouths. All you have to remember is

never to serve a martini with sweet vermouth to a serious martini-drinker, unless you enjoy having drinks spewed

on your person.

Gin is distilled from fermented cereals and flavored with juniper berries. It originated in Holland and you can still buy Holland gin but, for martinis and other mixed drinks, you want one of the several varieties of London gin in the gin section of your friendly, neighborhood liquor store. Gordon's is fine but perhaps a trace too flavorful for some martini-drinkers. Beefeater and Tanqueray are drier. Each has a following, but Halifax bars that regard martini-making with due reverence tend to favor Beefeater. In certain establishments — Henry House for one, the Newsroom for another - a martini automatically means a Beefeater martini. If you don't know the house martini-policy, it's a good idea to specify the gin you want. And vermouth? Well, it says here in The Pocket Bartender's Guide that vermouth is not only "the ultimate in treated wine" but also the "ultimate in complicated herbal recipes.' Camomile is an important ingredient of dry vermouth, but so are "Chinese rhubarb, iris root, quinine, citrus peels and at least 150 others." I prefer Noilly Prat.

John Doxat may well be the first author in the world to write an entire book (Stirred — Not Shaken) about one cocktail, and he has a marvellously extravagant way of subduing the vermouth flavor. First, he halffills a mixing glass with big ice cubes. Second, he dumps in four ounces of vermouth, and lets it reach the bottom of the glass. Third, he pours it down his sink. That's right, he throws out the vermouth. It has served its exalted purpose. Some of it clings to the ice. Doxat then pours over the ice at least two ounces of London dry gin per serving, stirs for 30 seconds, strains the liquid into chilled glasses. (You do not shake a martini.) The final touch is to squeeze a sliver of lemon, skin side down, over each drink. This causes a fine

figures the gin-to-vermouth ratio in his martinis is roughly eleven to one.

The moment I finished reading his method, I rushed to the Newsroom. It serves up exquisite martinis containing four ounces of Beefeater gin plus a "whisper" of Noilly Prat. I'd never asked bar manager Paul Boulais how he made martinis but thought he might now enjoy hearing about Doxat's ludicrously wasteful technique. First, however, I asked him why his martinis were among the driest in

chilled but without ice. I, however, am a member of the reform movement, which prefers ice cubes in martinis. The standard command of us reformers is, "An extradry, Beefeater martini, on the rocks, with a twist of lemon, please." This is hard on young waitresses who, while walking to the bar, cannot keep all those specifications in their pretty heads. Once you've found a spot that makes your martini properly, it is therefore wise to patronize it so regularly that the moment you arrive



Boulais of the Newsroom: "I just throw out the vermouth"

town. "Well, you see that metal container over there," he said. "I put some ice in it, and then I take about two ounces of vermouth, and I let it trickle through the ice to the bottom. Then I just throw out the vermouth, but there's a residue left on the ice and that's all you need. I put in the gin, and stir it for maybe 30 seconds." So the Doxat method was no joke. It was the method. No wonder Newsroom martinis cost \$4.50 and no wonder they're so good.

Orthodox martinidrinkers order martinis "straight up," meaning for lunch the bartender will reach for the Beefeater bottle. The Little Stone Jug in Henry House was exactly such a place when a certain Mrs. Burke was bartender.

She wore glasses and had a friendly, motherly manner with no trace of big-city slick. She came from Drumhead, a tiny village way down the Eastern Shore. Drumhead is not everyone's idea of a spawning ground for master martini-makers, but Burke's extra-dry-martinis-on-therocks-with-a-twist-of-lemon were as good as any I ever tasted at the Park Plaza. She

looked like a woman who might be secretive about her recipe for cranberry bread. She was in fact a woman who was secretive about her recipe for martinis. In a fit of image-changing, or whatever, Henry House laid off Burke. The Little Stone Jug still serves a first-class, four-ounce martini for a mere \$3.95, but a bit of the personality has gone out of the place.

You can make a martini on the rocks that's up to Burke's standards without treating vermouth as garbage. You might simply dip the cubes in the vermouth, saving it for repeat performances. "I like to use a big, round, heavy, lead-crystal tumbler, Halifax lawyer David Mann confided. "I jam it with big cubes of ice. I rub a sliver of lemon round the lip of the glass, and then drop it in. I fill the glass with Beefeater gin, and pour in maybe half a capful of dry vermouth. I also like to add a drop of scotch. I have a perception that the scotch adds smoothness.' Mann recommends martinis constructed by Mario Vuotto, proprietor of LaScala, and those served by Teddy's bar at Barrington Place, Henry House, and the Newsroom. The Newsroom, however, serves on-the-rocks martinis in champagne glasses with stems: "The glass drives me nuts. I find I have to ask them to put the martini in a tumbler.'

"I like to put in a drop or two of scotch because it seems to add smoothness," said Bill Belliveau, ad man and founding publisher of Atlantic Insight. "Where'd you ever get that idea?" I asked. "David Mann told me," he replied. Martinidrinkers are a clubby bunch, and generous with their expertise. "Some guys mix their martinis the day before and let them get really cold in the refrigerator," Belliveau said. I do not recommend this practice because, as Bernard De Voto so poetically put it 33 years ago, "you can no more keep a martini in the refrigerator than you can keep a kiss there. The proper union of gin and vermouth is a great and sudden glory; it is one of the happiest marriages on earth and one of the shortestlived." The Guzzler

spray of oil, the "zest," to ap-

pear on the surface. Doxat

# This lady is "One heck of a Person"

Tarie Nita Hamilton, award-winning dogooder, is coy about her age, but since one of her six children is 41 and she was married 45 years ago, she's probably almost as old as some of the elderly Persons she spends so much of her time helping. Hamilton is herself so remarkable a Person that, at a recent ceremony in Ottawa, she was one of five women to receive a Person's Award from Gov.-Gen. Ed Schreyer. This was no trifling honor. Since the award was invented in 1979, only 27 women have won it. Hamilton is only the second Maritimer ever to get the award. The first was Muriel Duckworth, also of Halifax, whose involvement in women's issues goes back half a century.

The Persons Awards are an annual reminder that, thanks to five Alberta women ("the famous five"), amendments to the British North America Act in 1929 granted women the status of "persons" and the legal right to become senators. That wouldn't have been too long before a North End kid named Marie Waldron began to run after-school errands for two old women on Agricola Street. Her mother was "sickly," and she had to work nights to help out, but she found it satisfying to ease the lives of those who were even worse off than she was. Those little errands became a consuming habit of community service, a habit that decades later, Hamilton still hasn't shaken.

Her mother was a Haligonian, her father a Barbadian sailor who, after settling in Halifax, ran his own gold-

smith's shop near the little Dutch church on Brunswick Street. The family was big but some of her brothers and sisters died before she was born. She attended North End schools, in which a different teacher handled each grade but, after graduating from normal school, found herself as the sole teacher in a ramshackle, one-room schoolhouse in North Preston. She was 19, and, "I walked into that one big room, and there was a stove. and all the children were looking at me. Somebody said, 'Now here's your new teacher, boys and girls,' and I wondered what to say. So I just said, 'Let us bow our heads and pray.' The Lord's Prayer. That was our start.' She taught eight grades.

Within months, "just when I felt I could earn enough money to help my mother, she died...I continued on from there. I knew she'd have wanted that." Hamilton taught in oneroom schools not only in the Preston area, but also in Beechville, Hammonds Plains and Cherry Brook; and it was therefore appropriate that at a recent party for her at the North End Branch Li-

brary she received *The One-Room School in Canada* by Jean Cochrane. Hamilton knew all about one-room schools, but wasn't nostalgic about them. Consolidation, she thought, had been a good thing. Throughout her teaching years, her obsession was to improve education in the black communities of Halifax County.

She married a bricklayer and cement-finisher (he died 10 years ago), and they raised three sons and three daughters at their own house in Beechville. "I always told my children," she says, " 'You may be poor, but never feel

inferior. Stand up and be counted. And learn. Get your education. Then you'll be able to help others.' "Her son Wayne, who studied at both Dalhousie and Brock University in Ontario, is now with Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO), helping others in Nigeria. Her own record as a helper of others has won her so many awards that, while sitting in her second-floor apartment in a wooden house on Russell near Robie, she says, "I've got them all over the place." She's not boastful, just amazed to have medals from two governors-general (Jules Léger gave her one for community work on the 25th anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne), and "a whole slew" of certificates, citations and scrolls from



Marie Hamilton: Taking the time to care

grateful institutions.

After Hamilton quit teaching in schools, she worked as a house parent in the Halifax Protestant Orphanage, Veith Street. The orphanage closed but her program expanded into the services now provided by the Veith House community centre. While working there, Hamilton went back to school as a student. She studied early childhood education at Mount Saint Vincent, and parlayed that training plus her experience at Veith House into a job as co-ordinator of a course that prepares women

for running pre-school programs. So she's teaching again, but this time she's teaching teachers.

She's also on the examining board of the Child Development Studies Program for the Nova Scotia Teachers College. She's also a founder of the Halifax North End Volunteers for Seniors. She's also a stalwart of the North End Library Women's Group. She's also treasurer of the National Anti-Poverty Organization (NAPO), a post that regularly takes her up to Ottawa. She's also helping to organize a Halifax chapter of NAPO. What else has she done? Well, she used to be a school trustee, an executive of the Congress of Black Women of Nova Scotia, and for more than 30 years, she's been the clerk for Beechville Baptist Church. She's involved herself in the causes of both the Health Coalition and the Black Cultural Society of Nova Scotia; and, somehow, she sets aside two mornings a week to teach reading and writing to illiterate adults. She is, in short, one heck of a Person.

A trim, graceful woman, her goodness seems almost tangible. She speaks softly, her manner is gentle, and the title she suggested for this article is a perfect expression of her personality: "Take time to care." Only when talk of racial prejudice arises does her mildness dissolve in anger. She tells a story. She was in a taxi. The radio was on. Her daughter Sylvia, a professional broadcaster, completed a newscast, and the white driver amiably remarked on the fine quality of the report. "That was my daughter," Hamilton happily replied. The driver turned, stared at her in disbelief, sneered, "You gotta be kidding." She did not tip him, you may be sure.

The memory of that moment still rankles. "I told him I sure wasn't kidding when I had her," she said. "I knew she was my daughter, and I knew what she could do. I knew what so many of our black race could do." She ought to have known. She'd helped more of them do it than even she will ever be able to remember.

- Harry Bruce

# Dear Doris: I have this friend...

Having problems with your brotherin-law, neighbor, employer? Doris Maley's mediation service may be able to help you

man lends his newly married cousin several hundred dollars, expecting to be paid back after the honeymoon. The groom has other ideas: He considers the money a wedding gift and has no plans to give it back. How does the poor lender get his cash back without starting a family feud?

In this case, he calls Doris Maley, a former Halifax alderman who runs a new Dear Abby-type service for Metro residents. Organized by the Institute of Public Affairs at Dalhousie University, it's designed to iron out neighborhood, business and family disputes without the intervention of social workers or



Maley provides "community safety valve"

lawyers.

"It's very akin to what I did before I was an alderman," says Maley, 44, who worked as a nurse and social worker before becoming one of Halifax's most outspoken aldermen for five years. "It's a place where people in conflict can dis-

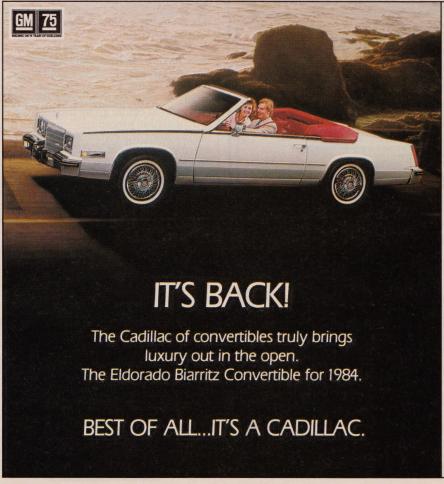
cuss their disputes before things get too much to handle. Sometimes shouting at people isn't the best way to solve problems."

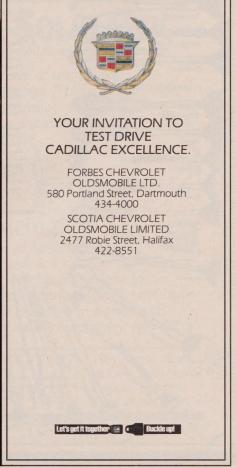
Maley says her service — called the Community Mediation Network — acts like a "community safety valve" for irritations too minor to take to court: People who allow their dog to bark incessantly. The kids down the street who knock down fences. The neighbor who never shovels snow from his side of the driveway.

The Case of the Wedding Loan-Gift was solved after one of the Network's 16 volunteers arranged an informal talk between the two men. The volunteer mediator acted as a sounding board, keeping the conversation to the point without judging who was right or wrong. During the 90-minute session, the men agreed to a repayment schedule; as a follow-up, the mediator called both sides about a month later to make sure that everyone

was still happy.

"We try to provide another ear that can, perhaps, hear things that someone closer can't hear," Maley says. Sometimes one side in a dispute won't talk, and there's nothing a mediator can do. But often just airing a complaint opens the way to a solution. "Mediation depends on speaking to one another," Maley says. "We're not going to really cure conflict, but we do help people reach a reasonable and acceptable solution on their own."





The organization won't handle legal disputes, criminal matters, landlordtenant complaints or management-union spats. Such matters are best left to professionals, Maley says. But social workers and lawyers aren't the answer for every conflict. Many social aid programs have fallen victim to government cutbacks; courts are expensive and often escalate a minor nuisance into a big fight.

"The legal process puts people in conflict into an adversarial position. We try to avoid that. You don't know your neighbor any better after you take him

to court."

Grant MacDonald of the Institute of Public Affairs, who helped organize the

mediation service, says the institute saw it as a way of educating adults on community issues. If a homeowner is at odds with a developer planning a new building that could detract from the neighborhood, mediation "is one way to approach the problem," he says.

With seed money from the feds and

Dalhousie, plus \$65,000 in operating grants from two Canadian charities, institute staff began the Network last April — the third non-profit mediation service in Canada (the two others are in Ontario). When Maley was hired last summer to administer the mediation office, the institute began looking for volunteer mediators — ordinary citizens interested in helping people solve problems. The first crop of 16, who range from university students to a retired military officer, received 23 hours' instruction in problem-solving and media-

Most have some social work training, but MacDonald says that isn't really necessary. "We are looking for people who have a wide variety of life experiences. Men, women, young adults and seniors - people who are a reflection of their community. We don't want

to rely on experts.'

Maley calls mediation "creative problem solving" that's based on an idea that "probably goes back before Solomon's time." Throughout history, most cultures have evolved simple but effective ways of handling petty disputes. There was always someone - a respected elder, a benevolent town magistrate - who could work things out. But in 20th-century North America, with people on the move and families unravelling, such a friendly mediator is hard to find. Neighbors aren't as neighborly as they used to be. Sometimes they don't even know each other's names.

In the United States, the strain of living among strangers has taken an evident toll. "With so many guns in the States, neighborhood disputes can escalate into something quite terrible,' Maley says. "Tension tends to come out with a big bang." To defuse such backyard crises, some American agencies set up neighborhood "justice centres" in the Seventies, where people could settle minor conflicts. Now more than 200 exist in the U.S.

Maley says it's too early to say who benefits most from community mediation. So far, her office, in an old house on the Dal campus, has seen more family disputes than anything else. Most are resolved before going through the full mediation procedure - meeting in the presence of a volunteer, working out a written agreement. "People often phone us just to find out how to aproach a problem," she says. "Asking us for feedback, some sort of strategy. That seems to be a little more acceptable to them, so they can deal with the problem themselves. That means we spend a lot of time on the phone, but we don't get much practice at mediation."

Maley predicts that the new service will mean fewer court cases, fewer calls to police and social agencies and more respect among neighbors. She hopes that it will teach kids "how to solve disputes in a civilized manner." And she believes it will help her former col-leagues at city hall. "For aldermen, I would think this is an ideal place to send people, and that's already happened." For aldermen, she says, the mediation service should be familiar territory. "Aldermen tend to sit on the fence a lot,

mediation."

and they get a lot of practice in



- John Mason

#### CITYFORUM

#### **Changes on Gottingen Street**

As a participant in the meetings held between the Halifax City Market Vendors Association and the City, I must protest the poor reporting of John Mason in Doing the Farmers' Shuffle (CityStyle, September). The City did not tell the vendors that the Heinish Building was the only property they could use, but that it was the only property they had available for a permanent home. There was no secrecy involved in the City's purchase of the property. The news was all over the Chronicle-Herald and Mail-Star, complete with artist's conception, for days. The Heinish store was a high-quality establishment for over 50 years, and a pool hall for less than 10. The merchants of our street have invested their own dollars to revitalize the area. The Gottingen Street Mr. Mason spoke of so disparagingly may have deserved the bad reputation in the past. But the street is evolving into a very special place, and the article is a slap in the face for all those working so hard to bring about changes.

> Maria D. Trumbach, Manager Gottingen Street Area Merchants Association Halifax, N.S.

#### No comedy in these errors

Stephen Kimber's article about the Daily News in November's CityStyle is an unbelievable litany of errors. For example: It was my wife, Joyce, who ran the circulation department; I looked after advertising. I have never sold real estate in Australia. I did not think the idea of the paper was "dumb"; I was excited about it from the beginning. We bought the duplex in 1974 (not 1975), and we were *not* in violation of the zoning regulations. These are only a few of the 19 errors of fact squeezed into one short piece. I have an impression of Stephen sitting behind a typewriter one day thinking, "Who shall I speculate on today?" Did he never get his telephone installed so he could call the people he reports on? None of the directors of the Daily News is hard to find. We are all listed in the Halifax area directory. If I buy something in a store which turns out to be faulty, then I go back and ask for a refund or exchange. Maybe Atlantic Insight should go back to Stephen Kimber's courtesy desk and do the same.

> Patrick Sims Bedford, N.S.

(CITYSTYLE)

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### This courtroom fullback's on the move

Some say Craig Garson, 25, is already as good as any criminal lawyer in town

ust before dawn one day last March, 23-year-old Robert Travers crouched between two cars behind the Halifax police station, clutched a rifle and waited. When Constable Wayne Currie walked by, Travers fired from point blank range, narrowly missing the patrolman. An open and shut case of attempted murder? Not to Craig Garson, a young Halifax lawyer. At trial in September, Garson meticulously built a defence based on another possibility: Travers, bent on suicide, went to the police station not to kill, but to be killed. After eight hours of deliberation, a weary jury admitted it was hopelessly deadlocked on the attempted murder

Not one to shun publicity, Garson stopped outside court to explain the outcome to reporters under the glare of television lights. As always, his manner was polished, controlled, confident. He knew that the hung jury was a victory for the defence. Leaving the courtroom, he turned to a passenger on the elevator and observed, "I must have done some-

thing right."

Garson's confident self-assessment was a bit premature in this case -Travers was found guilty on retrial in December - but his track record remains impressive: One acquittal, three hung juries ("That's not guilty to me," he says) and three clients convicted. Last February, he successfully argued a point of criminal law in the Supreme Court of Canada. His partnership in a two-man Halifax firm is lucrative witness the BMW he drives, the century-old house he owns in central Halifax, and his passion for collecting expensive antiques. But Garson is only 25, and he has done it all in just one year of practising law. "In times that are tough for graduates to get even good articling positions," notes a former classmate admiringly, "Craig, with lightning speed, went right to being a prosperous partner.'

Ask anyone around the Halifax Law Courts to describe Garson and they use

the words brash, aggressive, irreverent, gutsy. He's always ready with a joke, forever chatting up lawyers, prosecutors, court clerks and reporters. Garson acts the part of a young man on the move, and he's making a name for himself.

"He's learned a lot in a year and he learns fast," says Butch Fiske, a senior solicitor with the provincial Attorney General's Department. Fiske, who has argued criminal appeals against virtually every defence lawyer in the city, feels Garson is already "as good as any of them." Felix Cacchione, a criminal lawyer who's been in the business eight years, calls Garson's aggressive style the "fullback approach" to law: "You just put your head down and crash through the line."

"It's like football in a way," Garson



Garson: "This is where I wanted to be" says, talking law in his office on the Halifax waterfront a few weeks after the Travers trial. "You have to form some type of defence, then decide how can I score points? . . . The big difference is, in criminal trials, the law says your client is innocent until proven guilty. It spots you a touchdown."

The comparison is appropriate because Garson had to choose between football and the law. He was born in Detroit, Mich., but, from the age of two, he grew up in Halifax, the oldest of three children of middle-class Jewish parents. His mother, Ruth Garson, says the family was "notorious for lawyers" (four cousins are in law), but Craig's first love was football. Small at five-footnine but a stocky 175 pounds, he played two years of college ball in the States as a

running back while completing an undergraduate degree in arts. After graduating in 1979, he signed a one-year contract with the Canadian Football League's Montreal franchise, but quit after three weeks in training camp. He decided the physical punishment and brief career prospects of big-league football weren't for him. "The smartest thing I ever did," he says in retrospect.

He started law school at Dalhousie that fall and quickly showed an aptitude for courtroom litigation. "Craig has an innate feel for facts," says one of his former professors, Brian Crocker, and "a case is won or lost on the facts." But it was a local murder case that sold Garson on criminal law. While his classmates were studying for second-year exams, he sat in on the trial of George Herbert Cooper, who stood charged with beating an 86-year-old man to death with a hammer. It was Garson's first taste of the excitement and strategy of the courtroom. "There was no question in my mind, after watching that go on," he says. "This is where I wanted to be."

That summer he landed an articling job with lawyer Lance Scaravelli, his present partner, who was impressed with Garson's drive and persistence. "He was the only guy without a résumé and an appointment," Scaravelli recalls. "He just kept coming back." Garson cut classes to stay on as part-time legal researcher during his third year of law school, but he claims the practical experience boosted his marks. He graduated in May, 1982, 37th in a class of 150.

An avid reader of books on the tactics of the great American lawyers, Garson spent the following month in New Jersey observing a murder trial conducted by James Merberg, a Boston attorney. Merberg, an associate of the famous F. Lee Bailey, was "so clever, so quick, so sincere" in his presentation to the jury, Garson explains, "it was like he was arguing the case in his living room." Returning to Halifax, Garson was admitted to the bar in November, 1982, and set out to adapt the flamboyant, free-wheeling American approach to the more formal Canadian court system, where flowing black gowns still predominate.

Garson certainly seems at home in front of a jury. Long hours of preparation leave him so familiar with the facts, he can argue a case almost off the cuff. He's free to inject a little drama into the proceedings, something he relishes. "To me it's just excitement," he says of the courtroom. "It's where the action is." How will the Garson brand of flashy, aggressive defence work fare in Nova Scotia? "If he plays his cards properly," Cacchione predicts, "he can probably be one of the better criminal trial lawyers in the province."

- Dean Jobb